

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star

"There is no accounting for tastes," remarked a diplomat, who held one of the highest foreign positions under the Cleveland administration, and who has recently returned to this country. "During the four years I was abroad I met many thousands of Americans, some of whom have spent years and years of time traveling about in all parts of the world. They give all sorts of reasons for traveling, while some of them say they have no particular reasons, but simply travel because they like to, and that once they get a taste of it, they find difficulty in settling down in their homes. Others told me that they traveled because taking it all in all they found that they could remain abroad at less expense than they could stay at home; and things and times abroad were so much nicer, you know! It is simply a matter of taste with many persons. They have a steady income and prefer to spend it in travel, rather than in any other way. But of all of the reasons a Boston lady gave me the strangest. When I met her, she had then finished up her sixth year of steady travel, she had made three distinct tours around the world and seen about everything that could be seen. I ventured to ask her which of all the cities she had visited she found most interesting. After considering the question a while, she answered Rome. I asked her why she preferred that to any other city, supposing it might be for a religious reasupposing it might be for a religious rea-son, but soon found out that religion was not her stronghold. 'I like Rome best,' she said, 'because they cook and serve calf's brains so nicely. In no other place in the world can one get calf's brains in the va-rious ways they cook them as in Rome.'"

"In olden times," observed a treasury official to a Star reporter, "I frequently went out to see a game of base ball, but circumstances have been such that for the to witness a game, though I managed to keep pretty well informed by the news- far as I have been able to learn or read papers as to the players and the game generally. Week before last, however, I saw a game, and a good game, here in Washington. But to my surprise I did not see a dollar bet on the game or any other indication that there was sporting blood in those who witnessed it. Why I remember the time when every time a man came to the bat there would be at least a score of men who offered bets at odds that he would not make a base, or when a side came in that they would not make a run. But it is all changed now. not make a run. But it is all changed now. The sport as we used to enjoy it seems to have passed away, and, instead of taking risks or chances on the part of the audience, the whole thing seems to be run on signs or signals first from the manager and then from the certainst and the state. ager and then from the catcher to the players. The bleachers, as well as the other onlookers, seem to regard the game other onlookers, seem to regard the game as too precious to even risk a bag of peanuts on any result. Another thing struck me as very peculiar, and that was the confidence that prevailed everywhere that the game was played on its merits rather than anything else. I admit I was raised in the old school, and it may have been a bad school, but I would no sooner think of looking at any kind of a field contest, of men or horses, without taking an occasional risk in the shape of a small bet to back my judgment than I would think of failing to get a program of the events. There is no more betting at the ball games nowadays than there is at Sunday school. nowadays than there is at Sunday school. I am too old to learn the new way of enjoying sport, and I suppose I have seen my last game, though I would like to risk a ten-dollar bill that the Bostons will win

"It is a kindness, as well as a pleasure to caged birds to feed them pepper grass and chick weed occasionally," said a bird dealer to a Star reporter. "It is something they need, as it rests them up from the various seeds which are fed them. Canaries are specially fond of pepper grass, and it does them good. There is no difficulty in finding it in the lawns or in any of the parks, and no objection is ever made to any one pulling a few branches. Chickweed grows best in shady, protected places, and can be found in abundance. The white clover is also much relished by birds, though the red clover is better, but the latter is not so plenty except in the larger parks. The truth is, any kind of the grasses now, as they are in seed, is good food for cased birds. A bird can be de-pended upon to eat no more than it should eat, for there is hardly such a thing as overfeeding them. They know their limit, and they enjoy being kept up to it, as a change from the usual seeds."

"Dogs do not enjoy the Fourth of July," explained Mr. Henry B. King of George town to a Star reporter. "While Georgetown is, and has been for a number of years, famous for the number and worthlessness of its dogs it has also some of the finest specimens. I happen to have a good one, but he seems to smell the Fourth of July as soon as the 'fireworks for sale' signs are put in the shop windows, and until those signs are taken down he is on reflection in one of the upper rooms of my house, rather than to be out in the mad-dening world, for Georgetown now and then makes up and shows that, contrary to the general impression, there is consid-erable life in the old town yet. Of the hundreds of dogs, good, bad and indifferent, that go to make up the population of Georgetown, not one was to be seen on the streets from Saturday morning until Tues-day morning last. A dog has no love for the firecracker. He never had and never

"There has been more progress made in the revolver trade in the past ten years," explained a Connecticut revolver manufac turer to a Star reporter, "than in any other line of trade that I know of. There was a time when even the old-fashioned, single barrel pistol could not be manufactured to sell for less than \$1 or even more. That time has gone, and the single-barreled pistol is a thing of the past. In its place came the revolver, which is now made in all sizes from a vest pocket to the revolver which is carried in a holster. The prices have kept on going down as the revolvers have improved in manufacture, so that now a perfect working and reliable revolver can be bought at retail as low as \$1 and even the best makes for \$2 or \$3. The self-cocking and hammerless revolver, which five years ago sold at retail at \$10 and \$12, can now be bought by the car load as low as \$2 or \$3, and the better goods at from \$4 to \$6. In these arms the best steel is used. The German revolver, which were is used. The German revolver, which was the only one which ever seriously com-peted with those of American make, has about ran out its race, and is never offered any more, except in country stores, where it is bought by boys. It is clumsier made and heavier than the American revolver, and no more compares with the latter than does the English line of revolvers, than does the English line of revolvers, which at one time were very freely sold in this country. Likewise, the American rifle and shotgun have outdistanced all other makes, though the German cheap shotguns still find a good market with those who do not care to put much money in a gun. The American double-barreled shotgun, which sells at retail for about \$12, is a much cheaper gun in the long run than the German make which sells at from \$5 to \$0, as all of those who have had experience with them discovered long ago."

ence with them discovered long ago."

"The recent international postal congress which was held in this city did more to boom the postage stamp collection business," said a stamp dealer to a Star re porter, "than anything which has occurred

in our line for many years, and already the effects of it are being felt by increased orders from Europe. Many of the best collections of stamps have found their way into the museums and into the possession of rich men and are thus out of the market. The result is that a number are getting together other collections, and a great deal of correspondence is going on in con-sequence. Although there are no collec-tions of the stamps of the world on ex-hibition in this city, there are a number of fine collections owned in this city. There is a general idea throughout the country that the State Department receives foreign stamps in great abundance and that that department takes pleasure in distributing the same. The State Department does receive many, but the demand far exceeds the supply.

"Tariff Congresses are an uncertain quantity," said an old Senate official to a Star thousands and thousands of dollars and reporter, "and even now a safe guess cannot be made as to the date of the adjournment of the present Congress. It has always been so. The average new senator or representative generally knows it all and they had no trouble in announcing to their constituents in March last that Congress would pass the tariff bill and adjourn by May at the latest. Those of us who have seen three or four tariff bills pass knew enough to refrain from indulging in any prophesies as to the time that would be consumed. The fact is the present Congress is no better or no worse than other Congresses which have had similar work to perform, and nothing is gained by pre-vious experiences, except that the longer a man has had to do with such methods the surer he is to take the long end of it and generally add one or two months to the longest guess. When I ventured the opinion last March in the 'Things Heard and Saen' column that generally seem and Saen' column the general seem and Saen' column the seem and Saen' column the seem and Saen' column the seem and Saen's column the seem and se and Seen' column that congressmen would eat their Fourth of July dinner in Washington, or, at least, that many of them would, I was laughed at. Those who knew the least about it laughed the loudest. All I could say in reply was that they would have to wait and many the says that they would have to wait and many that they would be a say to be a say have to wait and watch, as I did, and may-be they would think as I did when they got through or when Congress got through.

"Though the scientific sailing masters and ome of the most expert ship masters," explained a ship captain to a Star reporter, "have demonstrated to an almost certainty that a ship with holes cut into its sails will sail better and faster than the usual sails, past ten or twelve years I was not able it will be a long time before the innovation is generally adopted or even tried. So in the nautical papers, there are no practical tests of the proposed improvement being made. While up in New York a couple of weeks ago, and later in Philadelphia, I heard some talk about it in shipping quarters, but I know enough of shipping quarters, but I know enough of ship captains to know that they are willing to make haste slowly in the matter. There is a superstition among men who follow the water that a captain who allows a hole to get into his sail is no better than a woman who does not darn her stockings, and until this can be gotten rid of I doubt that any great number of captains will pierce their sails. As far as I am concerned, I propose to sail my ship with sails rather than holes. The whole thing reminds me of the sailorman' who was on minds me of the sailorman who wa shore and went to a bakery to buy some cakes The clerk said she had some nice cookies, some with holes in them and some with citron, and asked which he preferred He replied that as he had been eating holes for a long time, he thought he would take those with citron in them.'

Nautilus Eggs. From Chambers' Journal.

The youngest student of geology or fossil nunter knows what an ammonite is, but perhaps he does not know that the only living representative of the very large family of ammonites is the pearly nautilus, an interesting creature allied to the uttlefish, about the growth of which in its younger stages hitherto little has been known.

In order to study the subject completely, Dr. Arthur Willey of University College, London, sailed for the South Seas, two and half years ago, in search of the eggs a hair years ago, in search of the eggs of the pearly nauthus, and it flas recently been reported to the Royal Society—under whose auspices the research has been un-dertaken—that after considerable trouble, and by the construction of a submarine cage, in which specimens of the nauthus were fed daily a number of eggs had been were fed daily, a number of eggs had been

Each egg is as large as a grape, and is deposited separately. It is necessary, in order to understand the structure and manner of construction of the beautiful cham-bered shell of the nautilus, that the grad-ual growth of the young in the egg should be carefully observed, and doubtless by now this hitherto blank page in the book of knowledge has been filled in.

From the Atlanta Constitution

A bishop of the Methodist Church was preaching a sermon on the vanity of dress, and incidentally alluded to reople who wore velvet and gold ornaments.

After the sermon a distinguished member of his conference approached him and said: "Now, bishop, I know you were striking at me, for I have a velvet vest and a heavy watch chair."

The bishop smiled, passed his hand over the west, touched the chain, and then said, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "No, realiy, Brother B., for the vest you wear is only a cotton velvet, and I am suaded that your watch chain is brass."

Wheels Within Wheels.

From Puck. Mrs. Flatleigh (surprised)-"What on earth possessed you to get a Wockwock wheel, Reginald? Why, it has absolutely no reputation whatever."
Flatleigh (miserably)—"I know it hasn't,
Antoinette. I got it because it is the make
our janitor rides."

"Dere's two dudes. Bill, let's hold 'em "Oh, de poor t'ings! Dey need de money more dan we do."-Life.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

The Story of How a Fortune Got Away

From a Man. A little group of men were talking the other evening in the gloaming time, when people seem to think more about what they might have been than they do at any other hour of the day, and the subject was lost opportunities.

"I hate to refer to the matter at all."

remarked the colonel, who fought through the late war at the head of a Michigan regiment, "because it only makes me renew my contempt for myself, but I've had chances in the northwest to put myself in the millionaire list that nobody but a confirmed yap would think of neglecting. After the war I was a 'land-looker,' as they are called, and I knew the whole country from Detroit clean through to the far corner of Minnesota, and right where there are big buildings and beautiful city squares today I could have bought land at any price I might name. One man wanted me to buy, in Duluth, a few lots at fifty dol-lars apiece, and I laughed at him. They are worth five dollars a square foot today and upward. I picked up one piece of land at Agate Harbor for a hundred dollars and sold it for a thousand; that is worth fifty thousand now, and I wouldn't give a mantwo hundred and fifty for a tract that is

worth as many thousand this very minute.
"But those are small potatoes and few "But those are small potatoes and few in a hill to the biggest plece of lost opportunityism I was ever guilty of," and the colonel sighed profoundly. "You know that famous Mesaba iron mine country, up there on Lake Superior, where they are taking out thousands of tons every year of the richest iron ore on earth, and any quantity of men are enjoying pelpoely incomes from of men are enjoying princely incomes from their royalties? Well, before anybody ever heard of the Mesaba iron ore I was upthere running a line north from the Cloquet river, and one day I began to have all sorts of trouble with my compass. "Ordinarily it was a very tractable and reliable instrument, but here for some reason it acted strangely, or rather refused to act at all, and I could hardly get any sense out of it. I kept going ahead, however, and for ten miles my trouble continued. Then it was over, and I never was quite

so glad of anything as when that compass began to work again, and I did not have to lay my course by sun.
"I knew before I finished what the matter was, but what did that iron under the ground that swerved my needle out of its ccurse mean to me? Nothing. That's all. I was a plain every-day chump. What I was after was timber, and the timber all along there was not of sufficient quality to justify my giving the land a second thought, and I didn't. Think of it, men and brethren," sighed the colonel again, "there I was walking over and standing on millions and millions of dollars, and I could have had all of it I wanted for the mere having sense enough to take it up, and I didn't have the sense."

What Cured Him.

"No," said the Texan, "I hain't had a hand in a hangin' fer a long time an' et the Lord fergives me fer what I have had to do with them I won't do it again." "You must be contemplating a removal to the effete intellectuality of Boston," re-

marked a Star reporter. "No, you see it was this a-way," said the Texan seriously "'Long about five year ago, come next August, and it was hotter'n Phil Sheridan in Texas that year, me and four er five of the boys come across a peaked lookin' feller one day with a hoss that we knowed didn't belong to him. We stopped him very polite and ast him where stopped him very polite and ast him where he got it and he said he was a stranger there and had nothin' but a wagon about seven mile back and off the road, with a dead hoss hitched to it and a sick little gal in it likely to die, and he was out seein' of he couldn't find a doctor er a woman er somebody to do somethin', fer the little gal was all he had on earth and he couldn't stand to have her die like that. He told us stand to have her die like that. He told us he had picked up the hoss we found him ridin' because he was not able to walk fast

enough and wouldn't we fer God's sake tell him where he could find somebody to see the little gal and then ef we wanted to square him up with Texas fer takin' the hoss, he wouldn't have a word to say. "Well, we had heerd that kind of a story many a time, and the first one that had been spread out before us saved the man's fer the sufferers that we took up, and we had been learned a lesson. So when this chap give us a racket like that we give

out about a month after that me and one of the boys happened to be ridin' along the read where that feller told us about his little gal, and we seen something that I reckon I won't fergit ef I live to be a thousand years old. There was only a ramshackle old wagon with a skeleton of herse in the shafts, and layin' on some old rags in the wagon was the little bones of a child, all picked clean and white by the huzzards, just like the hoss' was.
"I kinder choked up when I seen that,

and my pardner done the same, and while I was standin' there thinkin' he reached down under the side of the wagon ted down under the side of the wagon hed and picked up a slip of paper pinned to the wood. It was wrote on with a lead pencil, and was mighty near faded out, but what was left was this—taking from his pocket very carefully a silver box, from which he took a small and crumpled sheet of paper bearing upon it the line, in a child's hand: 'Dere pa i cant wate no longer for you to cum Because I—.' That was all there was to it,' he concluded, "and then me and my pardner looked at each other there was to it." he concluded, "and then me and my pardner looked at each other and never said a word. There was a big funeral for the little gal and her pa and the pore old hoss that died in the harness, but it'il take a good deal more'n any funeral to set me straight with myself and put my feelin's like they was before I feund them bones and this little scrap of writin'. And I don't feel the same about swingin' a man up fer stealin' a hoss, neither."

Hotel Clerk (to seashore hotel proprietor) -"They say they saw a sea serpent off Barnacle beach yesterday."

Hotel Proprietor (of rival resort, contemptuously)—"That shows how slow they are down there. I am just sending in a newspaper account of sighting the airship off here yesterday."

At the Athletic Games.

She-"What a wonderful jumper that man is!-but why do they keep ringing that big gong while he is making his jumps?" He-"That's Jerolamon-he's from Brook-lyn, and he can't do his best unless he imagines he is getting out of the way of a trolley car."

AN EXPENSIVE ASSIGNMENT. The Jubilee Cost the Brooklyn's Of-

fices a Pretty Penny. Naval officers on duty here await with interest the return of the officers who went to the queets tubilee on the cruiser Brooklyn. Afthough, from many points of view that assignment was a most destrable one, itched one great disadvantage in the important matter of personal expense, which caused it to be generally shunned. When the Brooklyn was selected for the mission, many of her officers were detached at their own request, and their places supplied by others, more fond of social diversions, and at the same time able financially to engage in them. The able financially to engage in them. The consequence was that the ship was officered mainly by volunteers willing and able to pay for the social obligations incident to the jubilee.

It was conceded that the officers would be put to heavy personal expenses far beyond their saiaries in returning social countries should be put to heavy personal expenses.

courtesies shown them by the assembled representatives of other havies, as well as in making some show of reciprocating the lavish hospitalities of their English brethren. The trip meant wining and dining galore, to reciprocate which in the slightest degree meant expenditures considerably in excess of the regular salaries paid by the government. To meet this condition, only officers having other financial resources were detailed to fill the wacant places on the Brooklyn. Most of them are well off, in a wordly governed. are well off in a wordly sense and several of them are rich. In the latter class is included Commander William Emory, who acted as executive, officer. He is well-known here as a man of independent fortune, fond of society and, as one of his friends put it, "able to hold up his end in any company, convivial or otherwise."

Several others of the ship's company are similarly circumstanced and constitu-ted, and were chosen on that account. In ted, and were chosen on that account. In order to lighten their financial burdens as much as possible, however, the Secre-tary of the Navy allotted Admiral Miller, who was in command of the expedition, the sum of \$2,000 towards meeting the ex peases of the entertainments the officers would necessarily have to give in return would necessarily have to give in return for courtesies received. This money was used, of course, only for the purely formal functions on the ship, and is popularly supposed to have been merely a drop in the bucket compared with the total or bucket compared with the total expenses incurred by the officers on their in-dividual accounts. In reciprocating cour-tesies extended they had to entertain scions of nobility and other guests of equal-ly expensive gastroromical tastes and sev-eral of the dinners given are said to have

Grease on the Wheels.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. An employe of the Consolidated Traction

cost the hosts a pretty penny.

company and a former motorman on the branch of the company's lines on which the accident occurred last night said the disaster was something he had been looking for for some time, and that others would probably follow. He said: "I have motored on that line, and know

just how the accident was caused. The company on the branch of this road is using the electric brake. This kind of a brake acts directly on the axle of the car The old hand-brake acts on the rim of the wheel. It is well known that the brake is almost always on, even though it be just enough to keep the car under control. hat one cannot place his hand on it with-

out being burned.
"Now, the company has an employ "Now, the company has an employe walking along the car tracks putting grease on the curves to lessen the friction of the car wheels on the rails. The old hand-brake kept the wheels hot and the grease was kept burnt off at all times. Since the advent of the electric brake the car wheels have no heat and the grease ac cumulates on the wheels and always gives trouble on grades. The runaway car last night was heavily loaded, and as a result of the grease and the extra weight the car got away from the motorman and went skating down the tracks. I look for more accidents from the same cause.

An Elm With a Heart of Brick. rom the New York Sun.

One of the oddest sight of New Bruns wick, N. J., is the eim tree in front of John E. Elmendorf's house on Albany street. Mr. Elmendorf had the tree lined with brick to keep it alive.

The tree is said to be nearly two hundre ears old. Several years ago insects attacked it and hollowed its heart out. Then at a Fourth of July celebration a spark set fire to the dry interior, and destroyed the greater part of what was left. Only the bark on one side and a little of the wood remained.

At every wind the tree shook and seemed in imminent danger of falling. Mr. Elmenderf had given up all hope of saving the elm, when his wife proposed that they wall it up inside. Mr. Elmendorf set a mason at work lining the elm with brick. Fully one-balf of the tree is now solld mesons. half of the tree is now solid masonry, and it is in a flourishing condition.

The side with the bricks faces the street

and is easily seen. It is two blocks from the Albany street bridge. The tree is known as the freak tree and the brick tree.

It Seemed Queer.

From Tid-Bits. A poor woman who kept a small shop in a northern village, and who was troubled with a husband who could scarcely be considered a credit to the family, one day found herself a widow through the sudden demise of her spouse. Sail a lady: "I am sure, Mrs. G—, you must miss your husband." "Well, mum, it does seem queer to go into the shop and find something in the till."

The Time and the Tune. From Puck.

"And now-"

Nero bent his glance toward imperial Rome in flames and twanged the E string carefully to see if his instrument was in

"I'll give 'em some appropriate music!" Bringing down the bow with a flourish he soon had the quick strains of "There'l Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight!' quivering from his violin.

No Evidence.

Lawyer (confidently)-"I don't believe they will be able to make much of a case against us in that railroad crossing accident."

President of Road—"Why not?"
"Well, you see, all the witnesses on the other side were killed."

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS.





Written Exclusively for The Evening Star. An Inevitable Paradox.

"There's no use of expecting anything else," said the misanthrope who had been persuaded to go en a pienie with his family. "Human nature is going to be inconsistent, and that's all there is to it. You'll merely waste your time trying to make it any different."

"What's the matter now?" asked his wife. "Hasn't the weather been good? And didn't people let you alone, so as to give you nothing to grumble about?"
"Oh, yes. But did you notice the singing

"Yes. And it was very nice, appropriate

"Appropriate!" he repeated, with infinite corn. "I don't pretend to be any critic. As far as quality was concerned, the music may have been as good as any opera you'd pay five dollars a seat to go to sleep at. But when it comes to a question of pro-priety, all it did was to remind me of the downright and unalterable perverseness of this human race. When people get back from a trip to Europe they don't do any-thing but hustle around to get their lug-gage through the custom house and procure a carriage to take them to a hotel from an excursion a mile and a half out of town, they can't be satisfied unless they wake up the whole country singing "Home Again, Home Again, From a For-

* * Confidence Restored.

The oriental gentleman in the side-show was smoking a hubble-bubble when two sight-seers from the rural districts passed They paused to ad-mire his gaudy costume and watched

him with great interest as he pauseu, his narcotic luxury, tust like to know what they call him," said the woman. "He's advertised as

a Turk. I took that to be short for 'Tur-key.' But I don't see anything about him that justifies their puttin' sech a statement onto the billboards." "Ef they're goin' to

palm him off as a human turkey he orter have feathers or claws or somethin like that," she commented. "The only difference I kin see between him and other peo

ple is the way he smokes tobacker."
"Ef I was as skeered of gittin' clus up to the weed as he seems ter be I wouldn' smoke at all. And anyhow I don't believe he's smokin' tobacker. He's just drinkin' lemonade through a piece of hose. As they turned away in deep disgust at the delusions of life, the Mohammedan took a long puff at the hookah. The deep low gurgle arrested the man's attention and

shouted. "Come back, Mandy! "Tain't no swindle. He ain't got no feathers and he ain't got no claws. But there's no denyin' that he kin 'gobble' most life-like!"

A Sturdy Favorite.

Nearly every one will find Many things that strikes his mind In a way with which most people won't agree:

When the summer perfumes rise From the fields up to the skies, They seem the sweetest thing on earth

An' the flow'rs thet we hev tended with sech patience an' sech care Hev flown like fickle friends an' left the thorns behind 'em there.

doesn't show a taste thet's cultivated, But I sort o' like the clover blossom better than the rose.

Its petals ne'er caress Cheeks of blushin' loveliness Midst brilliant lights an' music soft an'

But where modestly it waits, Folks of high or low estates Finds a comfort in its frank and cheer;

glow.

An' the bees, they hover 'round it an' they seem to love it best, 'Cause it doesn't smile with promise but to wither, like the rest;
And it freely gives its fragrance to each wanderin' breeze that blows
And I sort o' like the clover blossom better than the rese

The Solitaire Hamorist. The man whose efforts to be smart are

invariably painful had an unsually significant leer in his eye as he approached a group which, up to this moment, had been enjoying a placid and common-sense conversation. "I always make it a rule to get some can-

non firecrackers and set them off at 6 o'clock in the afternoon on the 7th of July," ne exclaimed, in the loud, rasping voice which such people always have. Nobody offered any comment.

"I said," he repeated, louder than before, "I always shoot some fireworks at 6 o'clock in the afternoon on the 7th of July." And a weak-natured person, who cannot

endure the idea of snubbing anybody outright, lifted up his voice from a far corner

right, lifted up his voice from a far corner and feebly rejoined:
"Do you?"

His friends glared at him.
"Yes. It strikes you as a little queer, doesn't it? It seems to you that I am behind time by several days, doesn't it?"

He paused for a reply, which never came.
"But I know what I'm doing. I follow that custom because I want to celebrate the Fourth of July."

And he smiled and waited, as if he wanted to give everybody time to take a good look at the cleverest man on earth.
"Of course, you'll never see through it

wanted to give everyoody time to take a good look at the cleverest man on earth.
"Of course, you'll never see through it unless I explain it to you. But it's as simple as a, b, c. July has thirty-one days. Divide thirty-one by four and the answer is seven and three-quarters. Therefore the Fourth of July comes at three-quarters of a day or eighteen hours after midnight. Therefore," he concluded, in a tone of perfect satisfaction, "the Fourth of July comes at 6 p.m. of the 7th of the month. See?"

A Melancholy Prospect.

He laid down his paper with a sigh and exclaimed: "I wish I could find out whom to write to, to learn what salaries are paid to museum freaks." "Why, Benjamin Titus!" his wife ex-claimed. "What for? You're not any

freak." "I'm not any freak now. But I will be one before a great while. And I'd like to learn how much a good living skeleton

"Are you losing your senses?"
"No. I've been reading these articles about how to take care of myself. One of them says that you musn't eat meat beheating. Another says that bread gives you indigestion and that potatoes make you fat. Still another conveys the information that milk will make your hair fall out. A nervous man is a blighting nuisance to the community and the quicker he gets out of it the better. I'll have to let meat alone, sure. A man with the indigestion makes home unhappy, and I can't take any more chances on filling my system with bread."

"It's too had." his wife interjected symmetric too had."

ought to command per week."

pathetically. "You always were so fond of ham sandwiches." "I can't imagine any worse fate than to be an unnaturally fat man; so I won't run

any risks with potatoes, and as for mik-what is life without hair." "Still," said his wife, "even if you were to go into a museum people wouldn't believe you when you said you got along without eating those things."

You don't understand. All that there is left for me to eat is, now and then, a quart of peanuts or 5 cents' worth of plums from of peanuts or 5 cents' worth of plums from the fruit stand. I suppose that one can subsist a long time on peanuts and plums. But he is bound to waste away. And as soon as I reach the proper degree of ema-ciation I want to go into the living skeleton department of some good reliable museum department of some good reliable museum and feel that even though my own life is a blank, my misfortunes are the means of laying up something to keep the wolf away from the door of those whom I leave be

A Remorseful Parent.

A man who was bald with the exception of a small red fringe which reached around the back of his head from ear to ear was waiting for the lawyer when the latter came into his office.

"I want to consult you on a rather unusual case," he said after greetings had been exchanged. "What I came to find out is this, can a person's name be changed?"

"Certainly. All he has to do is to show some good and sufficient reason for adopting another name, and it can be very easily arranged."

"I know that. But can it be done with out the knowledge or consent of the party most interested."

"Why, of course not." "I was afraid you would say that. But maybe wren you hear all the circum-"But there are no circumstances which will permit you to change a man's name without his knowledge. There are lots of mean things you can do behind a friend's back, but I'm glad to say this is not one

"But this person isn't a man." "But this person isn't a man."
"The same thing applies to a woman."
"But it's not a woman either. It's my ten-months-old baby. The trouble is that we're having too much education in our neighborhood. I honestly believe that what I am trying to do is for the baby's own good. My wife and I were anxious to give him a name that would have a substantial sound and at the same time be associated with classical tradition. So we hit upon

"That's a very good name."
"Your remark shows how easy it is to be deceived. We liked it first rate until our eldest girl got into the High School. One day she came home and informed us that we were misproncurcing the baby's name. 'It isn't Sissero,' she tells us; 'it's

"That's the pronunciation usually taught "So I learned upon inquiry. And if you'll take the case I am willing to go to any expense to change his name to Thomas or John or Jeremiah, or most anything that won't sound as if we had taken an Indian represent to rake?"

A Gloomy Moment.

There's a subtle fascination in the study of the weird

papoose to raise.*

In these metaphysic mysteries which never can be cleared From the simple fireside story 'neath the candle's shivering rays,

To the learned disquisition couched in sc entific phrase. The phantoms which, 'tis told, appear men's faltering nerves to shock

Have filled us with great awe concerning night and twelve o'clock; But, none the less, the most uncanny, spectral time of day

Is the hour of 7:30, when the rats come out to play. This is the time when solitude reigns un-disputed there

Where life was swift and earnest while the day was shining fair. And the aimless wight who lingers finds the fading sunset's hue
More ghastly than the lights which warlocks turn to flickering blue.

And lamps shine in the distance from the homes of happiness Like lantern-jacks which mock men in their moments of distress 'Tis then that sorrows gather and our hopes all fade away—
At the hour of 7:30, when the rats come out

From corners where the shadows seem to join in hide-and-seek They leer and jibe and jostle and they scurry and they squeak.

They flit like gruesome memories of terror

and of pain That leave us for a moment, only to return again. And their gaunt and sinuous bodies pas like wraiths of human need;

Of cowardice and cruelty and shameless

Ah, better far the darkness, be its terrors what they may, Than this hour of 7:30, when the rats con

ness and greed.

A Memorable Display. Mr. Blykins is one of the men who are

methodical in whatever they do. Even when he is bent on diversion, he lays out a program and regards any departure from it with annoyance. He did not prepare for the celebration of the Fourth of July in the usual haphazard manner. His small



son, for whose benefit the pyrotechnics
were to be, did not
sympathize entirely
in the extremely systematic arrangements, but submitted
to the inevitable. Mr.
Blykins instead of
patronizing the retail patronizing the retail shops had sent to a fireworks manufac-turer and gotten a catalogue from which he ordered The language of the book was dazzlingly effulgent and whetted

effulgent and whetted expectation to the keenest edge. When the hour for the display arrived Mr. Blykins, who had assembled his wife and some friends on the lawn, lit a candle and stood it on a corner of the porch, and he read from a book, while his son held the fireworks as his share in the enterprise. The pieces did not always perform in precise accordance with the announcements. Paper cylinders, which were billed to produce accordance with the announcements. Paper cylinders, which were billed to produce "sparkling scintillations and bouquets of silver flowers," emitted a few sparks and faded into n.elancholy embers. A fire-cracker which was to explode "with a tremendous detonation like heavy artillery"

tremendous detonation like heavy artiliery" proved to be a sizzer, and through some clerical error he read an elaborate description, including references to "scrolis of crimson, blue and gold, and radiant halos" about what proved to be a whistling bomb. What he looked forward to with most centhusiasm was a large "mine."

"This," he read aloud, bending close to the candle and holding his glasses to his eyes with one hand, "is a most effective and showy work. It is heavily charged with colored and silver stars, groups of exploding serpents, meteoric star-showers, colored gerbs and Japanese fires, which are discharged in a great cloud and scattered in all directions. The display confludes with a galaxy of electric stars amid an eruption of prismatic gems."

Amid applause—the applause of his ad-



FOLLOWING THE HOUNDS.

It is not alone in exceptional recreations like fox-hunting, that a woman needs steady nerves, strong muscles and a healthy, vig-orous constitution. She needs them in her every day duties and pleasures. Recently a Buffalo lady called upon Dr. R. V. Pierce of that city and stated that she was so nervous that after months of trial she could not learn to ride a bicycle. She was put under a scientific course of freatment, consisting of Dr. Pierce's Golden

Medical Discovery before meals and his "Favorite Prescription" after meals. The "Favorite Prescription" promptly cured the weakness and disease of the organs dis-tinctly feminine, from which she suffered and restored strength and steadiness to the nerves. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cleansed the blood, making it pure, rich and invigorating, and built up solid, mus-cular flesh. The lady now rides her bicycle with grace and case and without trepida-tion. Both medicines are for each by medi-Both medicines are for sale by medicine dealers. Dr. Pierce answers letters from ailing women without charge.

"I suffered with a bearing down pain in my pelvis and a hurting in my back and loins," writes Mrs. Tillie Cunningham, of Weir, Choctaw Co., Miss. "Whenever I would take a walk or ride very far it would always make me sick. After using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' for three months I can ride or walk and feel well after, wards. My appetite is good, all of my bad feel, ings have disappeared and I am strong and well."

You can secure Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser free by sending stamps to cover mailing. Paper-covered, 21 one-cent stamps; cloth-covered, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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the fuse. There was an incoherent dis-charge of sparks and then a mighty re-port. When the smoke cleared away Mr. Blykins was sitting in an attitude of vague contemplation, with his coat split up back from the violence of the recent con-

cussion.
"Wasn't it great?" he inquired.

"Wasn't what great?" responded his wife.
"That piece of fireworks. It's the only one that has made me feel that I really got exploding serpents and the colored gerbs and the Japanese fires, but I never beheld anything to equal the galaxy of electric stars and the eruption of prismatic gems!"

Seeking Solnee. It was one of the sultriest days of the season, when the unhappy-looking man went into the physician's office. It was a heavy, sullen heat, in which every twig and leaf hung absolutely motionless.

"Doctor," he said, "I want you to repeat something that you told me last year." "Some advice that you have forgotten?" "No. I haven't forgotten it. I simply want to hear it over again. You remembe early this spring you warned me that I would have to take better care of my gen-

"And you especially pointed out to me that I mustn't sit in a draft."

"I recall that."

"I recall that."

"I can't remember your exact language, but you were very eloquent in impressing the risks a man ran when he sat by an open window without any coat on, and permitted the zephyrs to splash against his chast."

"I-I don't believe I used exactly those "I-I don't believe I used exactly those words."

"No. That is one reason why I want you to say it all over again. I'm willing to pay the regular consultation fee to have you go through with that speech. The only way I can get any comfort out of this weather is to be reminded with all the emphasis that rhetoric can command of how dangerous it would be to sit in a draft if there was any draft to sit in."

She-"I don't know what makes her so oositive about everything?" He—"Her sex."





